

NEGRO THUGS REPULSED.

ONE OF THEM NEARLY KILLED
FARMER DUNHAM'S WIFE.

The Stout Old Farmer Fought His Assassin, Whom He Had Fed in the Morning, and Finally Frightened Him Off, with His Murderous Companion—The Whole Country Side Hunting for the Fugitives.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 11.—Maxson Dunham and his wife live in a neat white farmhouse about two miles from Newmarket, in Piscataway township, Middlesex county. They at-

ended yesterday the yearly meeting of the Seventh Day Baptists of New Jersey in the old Newmarket Church. Before leaving home they gave breakfast to a tall, slender negro, clad in a white shirt and asked for food.

The Dunhams had two guests at dinner, and Mr. Dunham drove back with them in the afternoon, leaving Mrs. Dunham alone in the house. He returned alone at nightfall, put up his horse, milked his cow and gave the milk to the barn. He then went back to the barn. Having fed his horse he stepped out of the stable to lock it. As he felt for the door some one seized him by the shoulders, threw him down and tried to throttle him. He saw that this was no joke and he tried to get up. He was a captive of his 63 years Mr. Dunham was a vigorous man, and he tore away the choking grip from his throat.

"If you yell I'll shoot," said the negro. "Dunham yelled 'Murder!' " BUI-BUI!" shouted the negro, and he ran. Mr. Dunham was alone, a chair running from the house. He let down the doors near the barn, ran across a narrow strip of meadow, and disappeared in the woods. The next morning the farmer found the door open. Farmer Dunham down. Suddenly he sprang up and followed his companion. Farmer Dunham found it fastened from the inside. He went to the side door. It was locked also.

"What do you think of this?" said his wife.

"Mason Dunham," he answered, "you

Farmer Dunham yelled, "Murder! Murder!" shouted and ran screaming across the yard, and a mad race was running from the house. He let down the barn door, ran across a narrow strip of meadow, and disappeared in the woods. The neighbors followed him, but they could not find Farmer Dunham down. Suddenly he sprang up and followed his companion. Farmer Dunham was not far from the barn when he saw the murderer. It fastened from the inside. He went to the door and called out:

"Who's there?"

"Who's there?" weakly called his wife.

"Mason Dunham," he answered, "your husband."

He heard her shuffle across the room. She opened the door and he saw blood streaming from under the door. He called out to the children:

"Are you much hurt?"

"No," they answered, "we are all injured."

He told her to lie on the sofa and he would go for help. He went to the house of Philip Schwartz, a neighbor, and called for help. He went to his wife. Schwartz's hired man, with a club, accompanied Mrs. Schwartz. Mr. Dunham was taken to the hospital. The neighbors saying, "Murder has been done as usual."

When he came home, he found his wife in his place. Dr. M. J. Whitford of Dunellen was summoned by Mr. Dunham himself. Dr. Whitford examined the wounds and found the wounds on the head. After they had been sewed up, he told the wife to get up and go to the back door to rinse a milk can at the well. When a short negro sprang forward, struck her

She staggered from the blow and said: "I can't take any more blows. I can't take any more money," he repeated. "I'll call John," she said, indicating there was a man in the house. "I'll call John," she said, striking him again, knocking her down. She screamed: "John!" he fell.

She felt that her senses were striking as blow after blow fell on her head. When the negro rose and she rallied. She crawled from door to door, fastening each. The negro's weapon was found on the floor. She took the rough stick of white oak taken from the wood pile.

A searching party, headed by C. T. Rogers, and a posse of white men, accompanied by a constable and a deputy constable, scoured the country. Two negro men were arrested at Dunham as they were about to board a train. Constable Vardien

not the guilty ones. The search was renewed to-day. The entire district is aroused. Mr. Dunham is as spry as ever, but his wife is a serious addition. Dr. White thinks the skull is not fractured, but fears erysipelas may set in. Chief of Police Grant of Plainfield has taken charge of the case, and is tracking the negroes through the State.

LITTLE TICKET SCALPERS.

How They Contrive to Beat a Ferry Superintendent's Ingenuity.

Superintendent Stoney of the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, which operates the coveyskill street ferry line, has, by a recent or-

regarding the sale of tickets. Given a severe loss to the newsboys and other persons who have made a living selling tickets outside the boats at each side of East River. The patrons of the ferry espouse the cause of the scalpers, and sharp rivalry is now going on between the passengers and scalpers on one side and the company on the other. Up to date the company has had the better of it. For many years the company has sold a strip of ten tickets for 25 cents, and as a single fare is three cents, this has been a saving to the passengers of five cents on

For a long time no one took advantage of this, but a few women and boys who sell papers at the ferry, but gradually the ticket-scalping business grew. The ticket scalpers were not afraid and the business of selling tickets took a big boom. Until a week ago the familiar cry of "Ticket, sir?" Ferry ticket could be heard all over the river. On the other side, when a block or two blocks away. The superintendent's orders stopped this. The passengers are not allowed to buy tickets from the ferry. The signboards with signs announcing that thereafter commutation card would be issued at the old rate, and that the ticket scalpers on the ferry will stop the card has to be punched.

The passengers expressed sympathy for the scalpers, and the general verdict as expressed in the following close upon the change four choppings.

boxes were added at each end of the route, and the new scheme required extra help. Where three men formerly took tickets during rush hours it now took four. The new scheme was a little more sound a way to work the commutation cards, and it required much patience and some trouble for their customers, yet the latter don't seem to mind it. The new scheme is to have a customer buy a ten-trip card, and after it is punched, to use it on his trip home, yet the latter don't seem to mind it. The new scheme is to have a customer buy a ten-trip card, and after it is punched, to use it on his trip home, yet the latter don't seem to mind it.

Something for Otto Kemper's Ex-Partner,
 It was reported yesterday that Sheriff-elect
 Edward J. H. Hansen has tendered to John Fen-
 n, the Grace leader in the Seventh Assembly
 district, the choice of either counsel to the
 sheriff or Under sheriff. The first named place
 commands a salary of \$5,000 a year and the
 Under Sheriff a salary of \$3,000.

IN READERS—WHICH IS SOMETHING.

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[illegible]

Age Group	Total (%)	Male (%)	Female (%)	Unknown (%)
18-24	100	100	100	100
25-34	100	85	85	85
35-44	100	75	75	75
45-54	100	65	65	65
55-64	100	55	55	55
65+	100	45	45	45